

# The Nation

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**R**ADIO NEVER WEATHERED such endurance tests as during the Democratic Convention, but the broadcasting of those dreary sessions probably established it firmly as a household necessity—and pest. It will have subtler tests in the course of the three-party campaign. Every politician will expect the nearest radio station to give him a full opportunity to stand in front of a receiving instrument, and roar his speeches to audiences which would never cross the street to listen to him. It will be difficult for any broadcasting company, however fair-minded it tries to be, to balance the scales justly. Will La Follette's speakers have their fair share of radio-publicity? We doubt it; it will be almost impossible for officials of the big radio corporations to give a new and radical movement its just allotment of time. The question of the "freedom of the air," discussed in this issue by a peppery inventor, the calm executive of the Radio Corporation of America, and the father of New York's municipal broadcasting station will become more and more acute—and much more significant than the present discussion of the right to broadcast an appeal for chorus girls would indicate. Invention proceeds at such a pace as to make any solution tentative. While some governments are still subsidizing cable lines the wireless is rapidly putting the cable into the position of the old-fashioned buggy on a concrete road, and now Marconi announces that the high-power broadcasting sta-

tions, built within the last three or four years, are already out of date. Short wave lengths will, he says, replace the long; they can be made to go as far, at greater speed and with less power, and are less dependent upon weather.

**S**URELY NO GREATER, more spontaneous, or more enthusiastic ovation was ever given to a public man than that accorded to Governor Smith on his appearance at the Democratic Convention. Nothing impressed the visiting delegates and newspapermen more than the esteem and affection in which the Governor is held by the plain people of New York City. They felt that his cause was theirs; Catholics, Protestants, and Jews were alike in hoping for his success. His defeat has only enhanced his popularity because he took it in such excellent spirit. He is a "good sport," and if his recital to the convention of his own achievements seemed to some in questionable taste his auditors were rapturous in their applause. His patent honesty and simplicity, his avoidance of all pretense, win him friends wherever he appears. As far as we can judge he may remain Governor of New York as long as he lives if he wishes to, and if he should desire to enter the Senate two years hence, Senator Wadsworth might as well decide to retire without a contest. Certainly not even Theodore Roosevelt had such a hold on the masses of New York State as has "Al" Smith, and with that he has won the esteem of social workers and reformers to an extraordinary degree.

**I**F GOVERNOR SMITH emerges from the convention a more sympathetic figure than ever, this is not the case with either William J. Bryan or William G. McAdoo. The latter took his terrible disappointment with poor grace indeed—and gave no evidence of being a generous loser. Much of the delay of the convention was due to his obstinate refusal to see what was plain from the start to every unprejudiced observer—that he could not win. We do not doubt he was sincere in his belief that he was overborne by the evil forces of our big-business masters, but nothing could have been more incongruous than his pose as the champion of progress and reform against the wets and Wall Street when he was upheld by the votes of the Ku Klux Klan and could see nothing queer in being Morgan's or Doheny's lawyer.

**M**R. BRYAN, too, seems to have received his quietus. When he rose to speak on the night before the nomination the delegates and spectators howled him down. Something of the sort had occurred before during the convention, but he had been able to make himself heard. On this occasion he not only was not allowed to say a single word, but the attitude of his opponents was marked by such bitterness as to amaze onlookers. This was due not only to Bryan's opposition to Smith and Davis, or to his advocacy of the besmirched McAdoo, or to the fact that he made a stump speech under false pretenses during the voting, but to a feeling that he had become a vindictive old busybody.

His about-face, after denouncing Davis to the convention, when "Brother Charley" was put on the ticket with him, ought to complete the public disgust. As Clinton W. Gilbert has said, if monkeys had votes Mr. Bryan would be the champion of evolution.

**CAILLAUX IS FREE**, by the terms of the new French amnesty law—Caillaux, the brilliant ex-premier who was tried and convicted under the Clemenceau regime, not for treason, as many of our newspapers seem to believe, but for maintaining, in war time, belief in a "European policy." Caillaux before the war believed in a Franco-German rapprochement; during the war he believed in a "white peace," and since the war he has, by the curious terms of his sentence, been kept out of Paris and deprived of the right to vote or hold office. Unquestionably he will return to politics, but his personal ambition will stand in his way almost as much as his policies. His influence, however, will be cast for appeasement, and France needs such influences today. Poincaré's sour four-hour speech in opposition probably damaged Herriot's position little, but the press attacks charging him with surrender to England left him very unsure of his parliamentary footing. The Dawes Plan has not yet an open track either in France or in Germany. Germany's acceptance of Allied military inspection helped clear the air, but the rumors that Ramsay MacDonald, to make Herriot's task easier, had altered the proposed method of putting the Dawes Plan into effect, disturbed even liberal opinion in Germany. One thing is plain: The Allies must abandon the pernicious habit of exclusive Franco-British conferences. Nothing will be settled permanently until it is settled by joint negotiation between the interested Powers, with Germany treated as an equal.

**THESE ARE TOUGH TIMES** for dictators. Mussolini has not yet extricated himself from the backwash of the Matteotti murder when news comes that Primo de Rivera of Spain is also in difficulties. The dictator's chief ostensible reason for seizing power was the disastrous military campaign in Spanish Morocco, for which he blamed the meddling and muddling of civilian administrators. But under a military dictatorship matters have gone no better. The rather fantastic suggestion to buy the peace of the Riff tribesmen by making the bandit Raisuli their caliph seems to have come to nothing, and savage warfare with no quarter on either side has recently recommenced. Even at their face value the Spanish communiqués show a desperate situation, while between the lines is a hint of a disaster worse than that of two years ago. And for the death of every Spanish soldier doubtless ten Moors—men, women, or children—are slain. Press reports say that twenty Spanish airplanes recently dropped 600 bombs on villages south of Tetuan. "The tribesmen are reported to have been absent, either fighting or at tribal gatherings," says a dispatch from Tangier, "*but women and children were in the villages.*"

**"IMPERIAL RUSSIAN GOVERNMENT**, five-year 5½ per cent bonds, dated December 1, 1916"—so runs the heading of an advertisement in the financial columns of the *New York Times* for July 14. The presidents of the National City Bank and of the Guaranty Trust Co., representatives of J. P. Morgan and Co., Harris, Forbes and

Co., Kidder, Peabody and Co., and Lee, Higginson and Co.; and the vice-chairman of the Foreign Securities Committee of the Investment Bankers Association of America sign this little letter to the holders of Czarist bonds. "It is believed," these intelligent bankers say, "that the rights of holders of these certificates can be safeguarded to the best advantage through the Department of State and this committee." There follows the assurance that "Our Government, as a condition to formally recognizing a government in Russia, will in all probability insist that provision be made by the Russian Government for the payment of these claims." In all probability it will indeed.

**THE COLLECTION OF LOANS** floated through the House of Morgan and other Wall Street houses seems to be the primary concern of our State Department under the beneficent administration of Mr. Hughes. Nicaragua, under American control, has just repaid in full its railroad loan, and the State Department is now ready to withdraw the marines who have been there since 1912, one year after the first American bankers' loan. Santo Domingo is repaying its loan at so rapid a rate that even our American collector-general of customs begs the State Department to alter the onerous terms imposed upon that poor country in a loan contract negotiated by a so-called government presided over by an American admiral. Meanwhile the banks play both ends against the middle. In the financial columns of the *Wall Street Journal* we find an announcement of the Russian (Soviet) State Bank, and among its American correspondents is noted that same Guaranty Trust Co. whose president signed the letter to holders of the Czarist bonds.

**SOME DAMAGING SHOT** has been poured into the midst of Republican complacency by the National Civil Service Reform League. William Dudley Foulke, its president, declares that when the party asserts in its platform that under the present administration there has been steady improvement in the enforcement of the merit system it is guilty of sheer falsehood. This is especially flagrant in connection with the declaration that "the appointment of presidential postmasters has been placed on the merit basis." Mr. Foulke says:

The Wilson order providing competitive examinations for filling vacancies in presidential postmasterships caused by death, resignation, or removal (about 10 per cent of the total number of vacancies) and requiring appointment of the candidate with the highest rating, was a small though very valuable extension of the merit principle, really eliminating politics within this small area—a nucleus which, if undisturbed and permitted to develop, would in time remove all presidential postmasterships from politics. But no sooner had the Republican administration come into power than this salutary rule for the appointment of the highest man was abolished; there were to be examinations of all presidential postmasters, but the choice of one out of the highest three eligibles led to the manipulation of the eligible lists by the Post Office Department, in cooperation with Republican congressmen and "referees" in such a way as to make these places again mere political spoils, and all this over the heads of the Civil Service Commission.

Mr. Foulke also ridicules the declarations in regard to civil service in the Democratic platform, and characterizes as especially dangerous the advocacy of preference, regardless of qualifications, for ex-service men. The La Follette civil-service plank seems to stand expert scrutiny best of all.

IF THE CHURCHES ARE SERIOUS in their intention to oppose the slaughter of human beings in war they are only at the beginning of a long struggle. This struggle will be all the more difficult because of their past support of war, for the sudden stubbornness of a pliable person arouses infinitely more anger than habitual stubbornness. Upon the announcement of the War Department that on September 12 there would be a "demonstration of the plans for mobilization," the *Christian Century* in a leading editorial vigorously protested and urged the churches to keep faith with their post-war resolutions. The Federations of Churches in Philadelphia and Chicago by resolution requested the War Department to "withdraw this appeal to the nation." Both the magazine and the churches were promptly spanked and put in their places by the Secretary of War. Mr. Weeks warns them that if they persist in such unseemly conduct they will be disobeying the Constitution, an act of Congress of 1792, and the National Defense Act of 1920. All these acts require provision to be made for the national defense, and the Secretary of War insists that anyone objecting to Mobilization Day, as conceived by the master-mind of John W. Weeks, must be opposed to national defense and therefore be pretty much of a traitor. In the absence of Messrs. Palmer and Daugherty, somebody, we suppose, has to see specters and we may be grateful if Mr. Weeks does not try to deport all the peace-loving members of all the women's alliances and Epworth leagues and lock up the churches as centers of subversive Christianity.

ALBERT EINSTEIN brusquely resigned from the Committee on Intellectual Cooperation of the League of Nations a year ago on the ground that "The League of Nations, as it functions at present, not only does not embody the ideal of an international organization but actually discredits such an organization." Later he changed his mind. "I acted mistakenly," he said. "However bad the League of Nations may be in respect to what it has accomplished it is tremendously important in respect to the possibilities which lie concealed within it." This year, being invited to rejoin the committee, he accepted. "It is a good sign of the liberal and generous disposition of the men of the League," he wrote, "that after my harsh refusal of last year they have once more elected me. How happily European conditions have changed since then! Everywhere hope and good-will! Only with us the ice is not yet melted and it is toward this that we must now work." Manley O. Hudson, who sends us this letter, also sends a statement prepared for the American press at the request of friends of the League, in which Mr. Einstein remarks that "Strong in its power to understand and to forget, the League of Nations will rise to its great task of the pacification of the world as soon as all states have become members and the cooperation of progressive men in all countries has been assured." We printed Mr. Einstein's criticism a year ago and we are glad to record his changed attitude today. May the hope and good-will which he reports soon lead to the invitation, not only to Germany but also to Soviet Russia to join the Assembly and Council of the League.

STYLES IN CRUELTY VARY. Bull-fighting and cock-fighting are looked upon with a certain dainty aversion by the non-Latin peoples. Prize-fighting, in spite of the support of George Bernard Shaw, has its squeamish oppo-

nents, among them many people who hunt foxes. And now Tex Austin's rodeo—American to its core, with steer-throwing and steer-wrestling and broncho-riding—has divided England into camps of bitter opponents, with the "better people," the liberals, and the polite press, attacking the sports of the round-up as "cruel and unworthy of our race"—to quote from a special article in the *Manchester Guardian* by Henry W. Nevinnson. The leg of a steer was broken on the opening night of the rodeo, and the animal was promptly shot. Other accidents followed; some of them to animals, more to the human participants in the contests. Several men suffered bruises and sprains. A cowgirl seriously wrenched her neck. Another was rolled on by her horse and broke her collar-bone. The royal British sanction for being unhorsed has not penetrated the ranks of the American visitors, however, for the second young woman repudiated the report that she had been thrown. "I have never had too much horse," she announced. The peat track seems to have caused most of the accidents both to man and beast; but the long casualty list has set the country by the ears.

THE RODEO HAS BEEN DISCUSSED in Parliament, in leading articles and columns of news in the press; and the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals instituted proceedings against the management—though the case has since been dismissed. Meantime England, while it shuddered, turned out to view the contests at the rate of some 146,000 a day. Is the rodeo cruel? Dragging ourselves rather laboriously out of our national complacency, we must doubtless admit that it is. Certainly the animals taking part in the contests have not even a gold purse to win for their risks and their pains, and we cannot let the glamor that surrounds the skilful daring of the ranches hide obviously brutal facts. But still—well, it is our own American style of cruelty, and so it seems considerably less cruel than most other national varieties.

YOUTH HAS BEEN SO MUCH on top in this age that sympathizers with the under (or older) dog must take keen delight in its defeat by hoary old age in the marathon, the culminating event of the Olympic games. For a man of forty has reached hoary old age, athletically speaking—and some would say mentally as well. Yet in this twenty-six-mile run, up hill and down dale—a feat calling for the stoutest muscle and the most perfect heart—a decrepit old party of forty winters (and winters are trying in Finland) pranced in ahead of the bunch, while third place was won by another ancient lacking only a little of the same human deadline laid down by the redoubtable Dr. Osler. This triumph of the down-and-outs, of Stenroos, the Finn, and De Mar, the American, was the most remarkable aspect of the games, but they were notable also for the showing made by the tiny country from which Stenroos comes. Finland came out next to the United States in the total score by points, and quite ran away with all the long-distance races of the meet. The result has set the correspondents to investigating Finnish training methods. "Their main diet is fish and a kind of maize cake, hard as biscuit," reports one writer. Perhaps this will prove the salvation of our ruined fishermen and deflated farmers, for we foresee an eager public following presently in the wake of advertising campaigns to "Eat More Fish" and "Use More Corn."

## Davis and Bryan

OUR opinion of John W. Davis, the man, we have set forth on several occasions, notably in our issue of July 2. It is a pleasure to be able to say of the Democratic nominee for the Presidency that he is a man of unusual legal ability, of much charm, of unquestioned personal rectitude. Should he be elected we should have in the White House a gentleman to recall its best traditions. So far as his personal quality is concerned, his nomination ranks with those of Grover Cleveland and Woodrow Wilson, though he has neither their force nor their insight. In the White House he would be friendly, accessible, and open to advice. An after-dinner speaker of unusual grace, he is especially gifted in council and as an attorney has been much sought after because of his skill in finding the formulas by which to solve many a difficult situation—a quality which will be valuable to his party in the coming campaign. In many respects his party has put its best foot forward in making this choice; it has won the enthusiastic support of such powerful newspapers as the *New York Times* and *World* and the *Baltimore Sun*, and of many men and women in the conservative classes. It now provides active competition for Calvin Coolidge in the field in which he has been supreme—the ultra-conservative business world. Besides that, this nomination brings to the party the hearty approval of the advocates of the League of Nations, which Mr. Davis warmly champions. These are all factors of importance.

His brand of liberalism is that of the philanthropic financier. He will use the words "progressivism" and "liberalism" throughout the campaign, but his more recent professional associations have made it clear that he is irretrievably identified with the business powers that be. Once, years ago, able to go to the defense of West Virginia mine workers, he has become part and parcel of that business world which constitutes the invisible government assailed by both Roosevelt and Wilson. By this we do not mean that he will be controlled by members of the firm of J. P. Morgan and Co. or of any other group. It is his slant of mind and his general attitude toward the privileged which we have in view. Such liberalism as we shall get from him will be the liberalism of the Democratic Party of a bygone generation, for in none of his writings or speeches have we met evidence that Mr. Davis is aware of the deep under-currents in our modern social life or of the profound and far-reaching importance of the economic issues which confront us.

His speeches are attractive, dignified, cultured. But he has gone with the herd since 1914, which explains sufficiently the enthusiastic support of the *New York Times* and the rise in stocks which followed his nomination. "He is all right for business," was the general Wall Street verdict. What the country needs is far less one who is all right for business than one who is all right for the plain people, one from whose lips we may hope to hear such clear-cut utterances as came in 1912 from Woodrow Wilson. Mr. Davis will not say, or even see, that "our government has been for the past two years under the control of heads of great allied corporations with special interests." He will not announce his readiness to rescue the government from those special interests, to do everything he can to alter that condition of affairs which made Mr. Wilson assert that it

had come to pass that the President of the United States had to go hat in hand to Wall Street for orders. He showed his stodginess sufficiently when he was president of the American Bar Association. He never opened his mouth to protest against the flagrant violations of the Constitution by Mitchell Palmer, but he voiced a conventional objection to criticism of the courts for invalidating social legislation.

Even were Mr. Davis more liberal and progressive than he is, we should still prefer to support Robert La Follette rather than the choice of a party whose hopeless decadence has so often been proved. We abate not one word of the editorial which we published last week as to the irreconcilable differences and the hopeless contradictions and cross-currents within the Democratic Party. It has undergone no sea-changes overnight; its business masters are still in control. We would remind our readers that the leaders of the progressive movement in Congress are today, with one or two brilliant exceptions, not Democrats but Republicans. The election of Mr. Davis would give no assurance that the progressive movement would be taken over by the Democracy. It would outwardly rehabilitate the party, revamp some old shibboleths, but a far greater man than Mr. Davis could not cause a genuine rebirth of the party which now does only lip service to the teachings of Thomas Jefferson and is tied to that body of death, the Democratic Party of the South, with its hopeless dominance by the race problem. The seating of Mr. Davis, an attractive, amiable gentleman, in the White House would surely do positive harm by camouflaging the real situation in his party and in the country. It would doubtless delay the inevitable amalgamation of the two great parties, and that political regrouping into conservatives and progressives which the country needs if we are to be capable of thinking along politico-economic lines, if our creaking and cracking institutions are to be remodeled and revitalized. It is just because we so keenly feel the need of this realignment that we shall do our utmost to support the La Follette movement as a long step in the desired direction.

Governor Bryan has been an efficient and liberal Governor of the State of Nebraska. We cannot, however, affirm that he is of the caliber which should have been chosen in this hour. Never before was the candidate for Vice-President so important, for the election may easily be thrown into the House of Representatives and then into the Senate. If nobody obtains a majority next November, the election of a President will devolve upon the House and of a Vice-President upon the Senate. If there should be a deadlock in the House, and if Mr. Bryan should be elected Vice-President, he would, under the Constitution, assume the duties of President on March 4, 1925. Between elections we always vow that the next time we shall pick a Vice-Presidential candidate for other than party reasons or geographical considerations, and always we make the same blunder by leaving the choice until the last moment, when an exhausted convention has no thought except to get it over with and get home. Governor Bryan's nomination was a shrewd and successful political trick to capture the William J. Bryan influence. That, not the interest of the Republic, was the aim.

## Are Negroes "Workers"?

"ARE women 'people'?" the suffragists used to ask. "Are Negroes 'workers'?" colored men are beginning to inquire. The labor movement of the United States has hitherto paid scant attention to the race which has most generously contributed to the working class of the country. Latterly the American Federation of Labor has regularly resolved at its conventions to take colored men into the unions, but it has done little between sessions to carry out the resolutions. A few unions, such as the molders and the mine-workers, have been conspicuously fair to the Negro; many have been inconspicuously unfair, and a few have frankly maintained the color bar. The northward tide of Negro migration has drawn unusual attention to the importance of Negro labor; since the stoppage of European immigration the South has served as a reservoir of cheap labor from which Northern capitalists might draw in time of strike or other crisis. Hence the recent action of the annual conference of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People has such profound significance that we quote its letter to the American Federation of Labor almost in full:

For many years the American Negro has been demanding admittance to the ranks of union labor.

For many years your organizations have made public profession of your interest in Negro labor, of your desire to have it unionized, and of your hatred of the black "scab."

Notwithstanding this apparent surface agreement, Negro labor in the main is outside the ranks of organized labor, and the reason is, first, that white union labor does not want black labor, and, secondly, black labor has ceased to beg admittance to union ranks because of its increasing value and efficiency outside the unions.

We thus face a crisis in interracial labor conditions; the continued and determined race prejudice of white labor, together with the limitation of immigration, is giving black labor tremendous advantage. The Negro is entering the ranks of semi-skilled and skilled labor and he is entering mainly and necessarily as a "scab." He broke the great steel strike. He will soon be in position to break any strike when he can gain economic advantage for himself.

On the other hand, intelligent Negroes know full well that a blow at organized labor is a blow at all labor; that black labor today profits by the blood and sweat of labor leaders in the past who have fought oppression and monopoly by organization. If there is built up in America a great black bloc of non-union laborers who have a right to hate unions, all laborers, black and white, eventually must suffer.

Is it not time, then, that black and white labor get together? Is it not time for white unions to stop bluffing and for black laborers to stop cutting off their noses to spite their faces?

We, therefore, propose that there be formed by the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, the American Federation of Labor, the Railway Brotherhoods, and any other bodies agreed upon, an Interracial Labor Commission.

We propose that this commission undertake:

1. To find out the exact attitude and practice of national labor bodies and local unions toward Negroes and of Negro labor toward unions.

2. To organize systematic propaganda against racial discrimination on the basis of these facts at the great labor meetings, in local assemblies, and in local unions.

Here is a real opportunity for the Federation.

## Freedom Through Advertising

ADVERTISING is the world's best bet for the attainment of international peace, thinks Edward A. Filene, a shopkeeper of Boston town. Democracy is government by public opinion, he has been telling the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World, in convention assembled in London, and it is only in so far as public opinion is farsighted, pacific in temper, and well posted in regard to other nations that there is hope of peace. To create this kind of opinion we must have a free press. The revenue from its sales does not support a modern newspaper, Mr. Filene continues. In our larger cities it costs \$6,000,000 and upward a year to produce a daily, not more than 20 or 30 per cent of which is derived from circulation. The public would not pay the amount extra for its reading to make up the difference. A publication must receive subsidies, and be tied to the "special interests" from which they come, or it must have advertising—and freedom!

Mr. Filene looks at these alternatives and embraces the latter, gladly, enthusiastically. So should we if we accepted all Mr. Filene says about it. He thinks that a revenue from advertising insures a free press because advertisers want a circulation with buying power, and no newspaper which does not prove itself to be free can long hold any number of such readers. He sees the world headed toward an era of super-competition, with mass production and mass selling at the lowest possible prices. Advertising on a greater and greater scale will be necessary to mass selling. Hence newspapers are destined to grow freer and freer, and universal peace is just around the corner—brought to us by our modern miracle-workers, the advertising men.

A pretty picture, if that were all. Mr. Filene is right in much that he says, but he leaves substantial considerations out of account. In our country and in our day it is practically true that a newspaper cannot live on its circulation, but it is not true in all countries nor has it been true at all times. There is hope that a public may be gradually educated to support some newspapers, at least, mostly or wholly through sales. Mr. Filene forgets that a large part of the enormous expense of modern newspaper production is directly due to advertising. It is a question also if the American newspaper has not become too gregarious in its appeal. Only a fraction of what it prints interests any one reader. This represents a sheer economic waste which may some day be curtailed through greater specialization. Mr. Filene's very insistence on the fact that the advertiser wants a circulation with buying power shows the weakness of the system. To reach the maximum in this direction a newspaper has to cater not to intelligence but to the greatest number of persons with an income a little larger than their sheer necessities require—usually the most materially-minded and unprogressive element in any community.

We accept advertising as the basis of modern journalism, not as a boon but as a necessary—and perhaps temporary—evil. We see hope in the signs that as the world plunges into an era of mass production, mass selling, and mass opinion, there are arising sizable groups to realize both the need and the opportunity of supporting journals whose clear, free, and individual note, like the "still, small voice," transcends the wind and the earthquake.

# The Freedom of the Air

## Uncensored and Uncontrolled

By DAVID SARNOFF

WITH over five hundred stations, large and small, broadcasting daily programs of music, entertainment, and speech to a radio audience of probably 10,000,000 people in the United States, it is strange that the cry of monopoly should reverberate through the press in any discussion of the broadcasting problem. For there are no gateways in the air to bar the human voice. Mechanically and scientifically no power exists that can permanently block the airways of space. No development in the air, actual or projected, would justify the thought that the vast reaches of air could be confined to the range and power of any one system of broadcasting stations. The danger to free speech in the air comes from another source.

There are two fundamental schools of thought today with regard to the solution of the problem of radio broadcasting, neither of which infringes upon the freedom of the air. It is declared, on the one hand, that the solution of the problem calls for some method of payment on the part of the millions of receivers of radio programs. Broadcasting, they say, must be made to pay its own way in order to stabilize the radio industry. And it is true that the equipment and maintenance of a modern broadcasting station require an ever-increasing investment of capital and effort.

The other school of thought bases its approach to the problem on a different thesis. It is that radio has developed an industry, the success and growth of which are dependent upon an extraordinary service to the public. Without broadcasting, every receiving set in the country would be but a useless piece of mechanism. It is the duty of the industry, therefore, to supply at least the equipment and organization for such a service, and to provide an untrammelled forum in the air.

As the art progresses I believe that radio more and more will become the universal voice. It is the first method of communication discovered by man whereby millions of people can instantaneously and simultaneously be reached with the same thought, the same appeal, the same emotional impetus. Radio gives the human voice a limitless range. Its destiny is to bring light, education, and entertainment even to the remotest home in the country, by a method that no other system of communication has ever been able to equal.

The broadcasting station of the future, in my opinion, will be the bar at which great causes will be pleaded for the verdict of public opinion. It is vitally important, therefore, that the expressions of educators and statesmen should reach the vast radio audience uncensored and uncontrolled. So powerful an instrument of public good should and must be kept free from partisan manipulation. The same principles that apply to the freedom of the press should be made to apply to the freedom of the air. Public interest should be the sole test of admission to this illimitable forum. No political, racial, or color line should ever be drawn.

To tax the public for radio reception would be a reversion, in my belief, to the days of toll roads and bridges, to

the days when schools were not free and libraries were not public.

The danger to freedom of speech by radio is not the danger that any one interest will ever be able to monopolize the air. The real danger is in censorship, in over-regulation. If the radio industry is to give to the public the greatest possible service, it must be encouraged, not harassed by government regulation; if the air is to be kept free for the public good, public opinion must determine the fitness or unfitness of those who seek to appear at its bar.

## Radio Control

By GROVER A. WHALEN

RADIO broadcasting should be absolutely free in every respect from control by any private corporation, such as the American Telegraph and Telephone Company. It is not free today. A successful broadcasting station must employ at times the use of telephone lines to broadcast from points distant to the transmitting station. This is technically known as remote control. The telephone company has adopted the broad policy of saying: "You may lease our telephone line if you use our station for toll or hire, but if you use any other broadcasting station you cannot lease our lines." Thus this dominant member of the combine, by special concessions of toll service, advertising, increased power, and remote control is enabled to maintain a monopoly of the air, dictating that no other station shall collect toll, shall advertise, shall use high power, or shall augment its service by the use of telephone lines. Is this not a monopoly in radio broadcasting, governed by a self-appointed, private corporation, acting in lieu of the government, even more menacing and more detrimental in its effect on the public and on future radio development than the monopoly of commercial wireless communication and restraint in the manufacture and distribution of radio apparatus against which the Public Service Commission has complained? Broadcasting should be as free as the air through which the sound waves are impelled, except for such government control as may be necessary and advisable.

This is a fundamental proposition incapable of contradiction. It is self-evident.

Government control should be had by establishing in each area comparatively strong stations, such as the municipal broadcasting station which has just been put in operation in New York City, and by cutting out poorer and weaker stations which broadcast inferior programs.

The superstation theory suggested by Mr. Guy E. Tripp, chairman of the board of directors of the Westinghouse Electric Company, is along the lines I have had in mind. The progress of radio is not helped by stations of little power broadcasting programs that are not worth while.

Censorship, at this time, I should regard as unfortunate. The public is the best censor. The radio audience is just as exacting as an opera audience and requires the best in character and quality. Radio so closely touches the home life of the American people that the best, and only the best, must be broadcasted, and the most careful selection must be

made from the wide variety of subjects offered. Painstaking study and careful thought are required to prepare and present a properly balanced and generally acceptable radio program.

In the present development of broadcasting, freedom is greatly to be desired, but in any event the exercise of control must be by the government, not by any private corporation or combination of corporations.

## Radio—The Fulcrum

By HUDSON MAXIM

**G**IVE me control of the air that a man breathes, and he shall drop his opinion and adopt my opinion and he shall vote as I vote.

Not only is the air our breath of life, but also it is the *why* we have ears and organs of speech. Give me control of what goes into a man's ears, and I shall control his organs of speech.

Public opinion goes in through the ears. Give me control of the sources of information to which public opinion lends its ears, and I shall be able to exclude all opposing opinions and shape public opinion to suit myself.

Archimedes said: "Give me the *where* to stand and the fulcrum, and I will with my lever lift the world." Radio supplies the *where* to stand and the fulcrum for the Archimedean lever with which he who controls radio may raise or lower the world.

Let the Woman's Christian Temperance Union and the Anti-Saloon League have control of the evening radio talks to children, and they will be in a position to fill their minds with superstition, and make them into men and women who

shall be the pawns of propagandists of blue laws and prohibitions.

Give the control of radio to the scientists and rationalists, and they will be in a position to fill the children's minds with science and rationality, and make them into men and women who shall be governed by reason, and not by superstition, fanaticism, and prejudice.

The private monopolist of radio broadcasting would be in a position to extinguish freedom's last remaining flickering glim that federal prohibition has not yet doused. He would be in a position to wipe out the last vestige of self-government still left by the Anti-Saloon League to the American people. Although the people might still believe that they were doing their own thinking, their own choosing, and that they were voting with their own volition, they would actually be mere pawns in the play.

Radio broadcasting is both the most marvelous mystery and the greatest potentiality that has ever been harnessed to man's use, and it has such vast possibilities of misuse as a club that its possible clubbing use should be most wisely considered before a private monopoly should be permitted to control it.

I distrust the wisdom of allowing radio broadcasting to be controlled by any private monopoly, but I also distrust the wisdom and the ability and the justice of federal control of radio. The solution seems to lie between the devil of private monopoly and the deep sea of perilous paternalism. The government has the right of eminent domain over the air, but the Anti-Saloon League exercises eminent domain over the government.

I must confess that I am puzzled. Perhaps the control of radio should be made quasi-private and quasi-governmental.

## The Sex Uproar

By H. L. MENCKEN

**I**T is the economic emancipation of woman, I suppose, that must be blamed for the present wholesale discussion of the sex question, so offensive to the romantic. Eminent authorities have full often described, and with the utmost heat and eloquence, her state before she was delivered from her fetters and turned loose to root or die. Almost her only recognized trade, in those dark days, was that of wife. True enough, she might also become a servant girl, or go to work in a factory, or offer herself upon the streets, but all those vocations were so dreadful that no rational woman followed them if she could help it; she would leave any of them instantly at the call of a man, for the call of a man meant promotion for her, economically and socially.

The males of the time, knowing what a boon they had to proffer, drove hard bargains. They demanded a long list of high qualities in the women they summoned to their seraglios, but most of all they demanded what they called virtue. It was not sufficient that a candidate should be anatomically undefiled; she must also be absolutely pure in mind. There was, of course, but one way to keep her that pure, and that was by building a high wall around her mind, and hitting her with a club every time she ventured to look over it. It was as dangerous, in those Christian days, for a woman to show any interest in or knowledge of the great

physiological farce of sex as it would be today for a presidential candidate to reveal himself in his cups on the hustings. Everyone knew, to be sure, that as a mammal she had a sex, and that as a potential wife and mother she probably had some secret interest in its phenomena, but it was felt, perhaps wisely, that even the most academic theorizing had within it the deadly germs of the experimental method, and so she was forbidden to think about the matter at all, and whatever information she actually acquired she had to acquire by a method of bootlegging.

The generation still on its legs has seen the almost total collapse of that naive and constabulary system. Beginning with the eighties of the last century, there rose up a harem rebellion which quickly knocked it to pieces. The women of the Western world not only began to plunge heroically into all of the old professions, hitherto sacred to men; they also began to invent a lot of new professions, many of them unimagined by men. Worse, they began to succeed in them. The working woman of the old days worked only until she could snare a man; any man was better than her work. But the working woman of the new days was under no such pressure; her work made her a living and sometimes more than a living; when a man appeared in her net she took two looks at him before landing him. The result

was an enormous augmentation of her feeling of self-sufficiency, her spirit of independence, her natural inclination to get two sides into the bargaining. The result, secondarily, was a revolt against all the old taboos that had surrounded her, all the childish incapacities and ignorances that had been forced upon her. The result, tertiarily, was a vast running amuck in the field that, above all others, had been forbidden to her: that of sexual knowledge and experiment.

We now suffer from the effects of that running amuck. It is women, not men, who are doing all the current gabbling about sex and proposing all the new-fangled modifications of the rules and regulations ordained by God, and they are hard at it, very largely, because being at it at all is a privilege that is still new to them. The whole order of human females, in other words, is passing through a sort of intellectual adolescence, and it is disturbed as greatly thereby as biological adolescents are disturbed by the spouting of the hormones. The attitude of men toward the sex question, it seems to me, has not changed greatly in my time. Barring a few earnest men whose mental processes, here as elsewhere, are essentially womanish, they still view it somewhat jocosely. Taking one with another, they believe that they know all about it that is worth knowing, and so it does not challenge their curiosity, and they do not put in much time discussing it. But among the women, if a bachelor may presume to judge, interest in it is intense. They want to know all that is known about it, all that has been guessed and theorized about it; they bristle with ideas of their own about it. It is hard to find a reflective woman, in these days, who is not harboring some new and startling scheme for curing the evils of monogamous marriage; it is impossible to find any woman who has not given ear to such schemes. Women, not men, read the endless books upon the subject that now rise mountain-high in all the bookstores, and women, not men, discuss and rediscuss the notions in them. An acquaintance of mine, a distinguished critic, owns a copy of one of the most revolutionary of these books, by title "The Art of Love," that was suppressed on the day of its publication by the Comstocks. He tells me that he has already lent it to twenty-six women, and that he has more than fifty applications for it on file. Yet he has never read it himself!

As a professional fanatic for free thought and free speech, I can only view all this uproar in the *Frauenzimmer* with high satisfaction. It gives me delight to see a taboo violated, and that delight is doubled when the taboo is one that is wholly senseless. Sex is enormously more important to women than to men, and so they ought to be free to discuss it as they please, and to hatch and propagate whatever ideas about it occur to them. Moreover, I can see nothing but nonsense in the doctrine that their concern with such matters damages their charm. So far as I am concerned, a woman who knows precisely what a Graafian follicle is is just as charming as one who doesn't—just as charming, and far less dangerous. Charm in women, indeed, is a variable star, and shows different colors at different times. When their chief mark was ignorance, then the most ignorant was the most charming; now that they begin to think deeply and indignantly there is charm in their singular astuteness. But I am not yet convinced that they have attained to a genuine astuteness in the new field of sex. On the contrary, it seems to me that a fundamental error contaminates their whole dealing with the subject, and that is the error of assuming that sexual questions, whether

social, physiological, or pathological, are of vast and even paramount importance to mankind—in brief, that sex is a first-rate matter.

I doubt it. I believe that in this department men show better judgment than women, if only because their information is older and their experience wider. Their tendency is to dismiss the whole thing lightly, to reduce sex to the lowly estate of an afterthought and a recreation, and under that tendency there is a sound instinct. I do not believe that the lives of normal men are much colored or conditioned, either directly or indirectly, by purely sexual considerations. I believe that nine-tenths of them would carry on all the activities which engage them now, and with precisely the same humorless diligence, if there were not a woman in the world. The notion that man would not work if he lacked an audience, and that the audience must be a woman, seems to me to be a hollow sentimentality. Men work because they want to eat, because they want to feel secure, because they long to shine among their fellows, and for no other reason. A man may crave his wife's approbation, or some other woman's approbation, of his social graces, of his taste, of his generosity and courage, of his general dignity in the world, but long before he ever gives thought to such things and long after he has forgotten them he craves the approbation of his fellow men. Above all, he craves the approbation of his fellow craftsmen—the men who understand exactly what he is trying to do, and are expertly competent to judge his doing of it. Can you imagine a surgeon putting the good opinion of his wife above the good opinion of other surgeons? If you can, then you can do something that I cannot.

Here, of course, I do not argue absurdly that the good opinion of his wife is nothing to him. Obviously, it is a lot, for if it does not constitute the principal reward of his work, then it at least constitutes the principal joy of his hours of ease, when his work is done. He wants his wife to respect and admire him; to be able to make her do so is also a talent. But if he is intelligent he must discover very early that her respect and admiration do not necessarily run in direct ratio to his intrinsic worth, that the qualities and acts that please her are not always the qualities and acts that are most satisfactory to the censor within him—in brief, that the relations between man and woman, however intimate they may seem, must always remain a bit casual and superficial—that sex, at bottom, belongs to comedy in the cool of the evening and not to the sober business that goes on in the heat of the day. That sober business, as I have said, would still go on if women were abolished and heirs and assigns were manufactured in rolling-mills. Men would not only work as hard as they do today; they would also get almost as much satisfaction out of their work. For of all the men that I know on this earth, ranging from poets to ambassadors and from bishops to statisticians, I know of none who labors primarily because he wants to please a woman. They are all hard at it because they want to please themselves.

Women, plainly enough, are in a far different case. Their emancipation has not yet gone to the length of making them genuinely free. They have rid themselves, very largely, of the absolute *need* to please men, but they have not yet rid themselves of the *impulse* to please men. Perhaps they never will: one might easily devise a plausible argument to that effect on biological grounds. But sufficient unto the day is the phenomenon before us: they have

got rid of the old taboo which forbade them to think and talk about sex, and they still labor under the old superstition that sex is a matter of paramount importance. The result, in my judgment, is a vast emission of piffle. In every division of the subject there is endless and ludicrous exaggeration. The campaign for birth control takes on the colossal proportions of the war for democracy. The venereal diseases are represented to be as widespread, at least in men, as colds in the head, and as lethal as pneumonia or cancer. Great hordes of viragoes patrol the country, instructing school-girls in the mechanics of reproduction and their mothers in obstetrics. The monogamy which produced all of us is denounced as an infamy comparable to cannibalism. Laws are passed regulating the mating of human beings as if they were horned cattle and converting marriage into a sort of coroner's inquest. Over all sounds the battle-cry of quacks and zealots: "Veritas liberabit vos!"

The truth? How much of this new gospel is actually truth? Perhaps two per cent. The rest is idle theorizing, doctrinaire nonsense, mere scandalous rubbish. All that is worth knowing about sex—all, that is, that is solidly established and of sound utility—can be taught to any intelligent boy of sixteen in two hours. Is it taught in the current books, so enormously circulated? I doubt it. Absolutely without exception these books admonish the poor apprentice to renounce sex altogether—to sublimate it, as the favorite phrase is, into a passion for free verse, Rotary, or the League of Nations. That admonition is silly, and, I believe, dangerous. It is as much a folly to lock up sex in the hold as it is to put it in command on the bridge. Its proper place is the social hall.

As a substitute for all such nonsense I drop a pearl of wisdom, and so pass on. To wit: the strict monogamist never gets into trouble.

## Revolution—New Style

By GEORGE SOULE

THE recent victories of the needle-trades unions in New York emphasize the function of labor organizations as creative forces in industry. Not one was fought over simple questions of wages and hours. Not one was an out-and-out conflict for power between exploiter and exploited. The chief gains of each battle were greater cohesiveness and better organization of the industry, elimination of economic waste, and constructive measures like unemployment insurance.

It is a dogma of the extreme left that industry is inevitably drifting toward larger units of production and concentrated capitalistic control. A corollary of this dogma is that the only proper course for labor is amalgamation of the unions and a "militant" spirit leading to strikes on an ever larger scale. At every point the workers must refuse to cooperate with employers. Anything of that sort is damned as "class collaboration."

The lefts in the heat of their dogmas apparently have failed to make a realistic examination of the clothing industries of New York. Here the development has been precisely opposite to that which they say is inevitable. Units of production have been growing smaller. The amount of capital necessary to start a shop is so small that the industry has become overcrowded and competition has been intensified beyond endurance. The comparatively large "inside shops" which make entire garments under one roof have been gradually giving way. The jobbers or stock-houses have been encroaching on their market to the retail trade. The small contractors, making up orders for the jobbers, have been encroaching on their manufacturing function. In the cloak-and-suit industry the jobber furnishes the material, and sometimes even the design, to the contractor, who gets the jobber's order through the bitterest kind of competitive bidding.

The result of all this overlapping is manufacture in wastefully small shops, overequipment of machinery and personnel among the contractors, heavy seasonal unemployment, a dragging down of labor standards, deterioration of quality of the product. No amount of union amalgamation or "militancy" would help a situation such as this. The

need is not for a simple test of power. It is a problem in industrial engineering.

Likewise the type of trade unionism which thinks of the task of labor as a matter of shrewd bargaining with an employer who can if he will grant any desired concessions, and which concentrates on wage rates and hour schedules to the exclusion of problems of industrial organization, would not have much to offer in a situation such as this. A traditional argument is that seasonal unemployment may be minimized by shorter working hours, and that it should be compensated for by higher wage rates. Such arguments did, indeed, crop up in the recent struggles in New York. But a strike for these objects alone, even if nominally successful, could not have made much headway against the industrial chaos which set the limits to the advantages which the workers might win.

A short strike of the men's clothing workers, conducted by the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America, brought an element of cohesion into their industry which had been lacking ever since the break-up of the Manufacturers' Association and the impartial chairmanship after the 1921 lock-out. A new association of employers was formed and an agreement was made with it. There will be a guaranty of union conditions in all shops. There will be minimum-wage scales based on production—a measure which will tend to deprive the small shops of any competitive advantage. There will be an unemployment-insurance fund, beginning next December, built up by a weekly contribution of 3 per cent of the pay roll, one-half contributed by each side. There will be an impartial chairman to administer the agreement and settle minor disputes. Thus the measures for stability which have been successfully tested in the Chicago market have been introduced in New York, and the industry may be expected to convalesce under a scientific treatment.

The International Ladies' Garment Workers had a more difficult situation, and had been working at it longer. For months before the expiration of their agreement on May 1, they had been endeavoring to bring about a scientific investigation and a remedy for the ills of their industry through

cooperation of the big manufacturers, the jobbers, the contractors, and the union. A joint commission formed for this purpose failed to elicit the necessary detailed information on account of the reluctance of the jobbers to help it. The jobbers, though ultimately involved in the disintegration of the industry, were temporarily profiting from the surplus of contractors and were not prepared to cooperate in good faith. When the agreement expired the union presented demands embodying the best remedies it could devise, and threatened to force cohesion in the industry through a strike. This threat led to the appointment of a competent investigating commission by Governor Smith, which heard all sides at length and eventually handed down recommendations embodying much of what the union wanted. The jobbers at first refused to accept the verdict, but another strike threat at the beginning of the busy season, which was now at hand, brought them to terms.

The remedies offered by the commission are more complicated and extensive than in the case of the men's clothing industry. They include a stipulation that jobbers shall order goods only from contractors having agreements with the union, that such union contractors' shops shall have at least fourteen machine operators and a corresponding number of employees in other branches of the work, that a sanitary label shall be used in products of union shops which shall be subject to the Joint Board of Sanitary Control, that

jobbers shall be responsible for the payment of wages by the contractors, that an unemployment-insurance fund shall be built up by contributions from the employers and the union, and that there shall be an impartial chairman to decide disputes in the industry during the life of the agreement—one year. Regarding further proposals of the union for stabilization of the industry expert investigators are to work under the Governor's commission with full power to get the necessary facts from all sources. Another committee is to devise a code of trade practices as between the contractors and the jobbers.

The United Cloth Hat and Cap Makers have won an agreement for unemployment insurance in New York, and the International Fur Workers are to have one also if it is found to be practicable in their industry.

Thus the power of the unions is being employed, not in aimless or primitive struggles, not in theoretical "militancy," but in order to revivify competitive trades which have run to seed under the profit motive. If we mean by "revolution" the substitution of social purpose in industry for the chaos of individualistic gain, that revolution is on the way in the clothing industries by the invention of a new technique of cooperation and control, by the formation of new group habits and standards. It is built upon the conscious power of labor and the application of painstaking experiment.

## Davis the Double-Edged

(The Nation's Weekly Washington Letter)

By WILLIAM HARD

NOTHING was charmer to the delighted observer of human behavior in this vale of tears and guffaws than the McAdoo delegates in the New York Democratic Convention, who, having wept and prayed and shouted themselves hoarse and worried themselves sick for McAdoo and progressivism, led the march on the convention floor toward Davis and toward what William Jennings Bryan had denounced as an alliance with Wall Street.

George Brennan of Illinois, James M. Cox of Ohio, and other influential individualities, commonly called leaders, or bosses, may have stimulated and facilitated that march. The New York delegation, by seeming to throw itself into the arms of the Klan-denouncing Oscar W. Underwood of Alabama, may have wrenched and frightened the opponents of denunciations of the Klan in Georgia and in Texas into throwing themselves into the arms of Davis. All sorts of influences by bosses, all sorts of influences by intrigues, may be alleged and in part may be proved.

This writer alleges nevertheless, from observation, for instance, of the Georgia delegation, and from observation of the Texas delegation, that not George Brennan, and not Tom Taggart, and not the ghost of Charlie Murphy, and not any other apparition or reality of so-called boss power could go into either of those two delegations and successfully say: "You now vote for Davis because I tell you to."

That sort of thing was totally impossible in large areas of the Democratic Convention in New York. Yet out of those large areas, inhabited by McAdoo delegates, there came a multitudinous support for Davis from ladies and gentlemen who previously had been saying that they would stay in New York all summer and die in their tracks before

they would surrender to New York Wall Street influences.

Then they voted to nominate the attorney of the principal Wall Street banking firm.

How can this apparent paradox be explained? That is the chief psychological and political puzzle growing out of the recent Democratic National Convention in New York.

Its explanation may possibly go back to the excesses which marked the beginning of the convention. Among these excesses was a fervent and sincere but quite exaggerated McAdoo denunciation of Tammany and Al Smith and reaction and the money devil all lumped rhetorically into one lump and damned harmoniously and unitedly as the characteristic and essential outstanding product of the side-walks of New York.

Inquiry, however, regarding New York soon indicated to the delegates that Al Smith, instead of being the tool of big business and the recognized enemy of progress in New York, had promoted numerous pieces of humanitarian and progressive legislation at Albany against much determined corporate opposition to them and was loved by the common people of New York with a personal affection for which there is no parallel anywhere else in all America in the case of any other champion of the common people's feelings and wishes.

This discovery about New York had its weight with the McAdoo delegates. If Smith the monster could turn out to be Smith the popular champion and the popular idol—well, here was wonderland and anything might happen and anything might be believed. Perhaps Davis of New York might be popular too. Perhaps everything was different from what it was thought to be back home.

New York was hated, it is true, by the Southern and Western McAdoo delegates, for the rowdies who in the name of Al Smith invaded the floor of the convention and also the press section of the convention and thrust delegates and correspondents out of their way with unauthorized but untrammelled success. Yet New York had also its softening influence upon the Southern and Western McAdoo delegates by teaching them that the New York democracy had the allegiance of common people even commoner than any that they had ever seen before. This experience may have affected the McAdoo delegates when they threw their tired selves toward Mr. Davis, a resident of New York, and yet miraculously not a Catholic and not (politically) a wet.

A Protestant New Yorker—a politically dry New Yorker—such a man, in spite of being a New Yorker, certainly did not seem to the McAdoo delegates to be so necessarily unpopular as he would have seemed if the convention had not been held in New York and in the presence of the blazing popularity of Al Smith.

Yet there was also a deeper reason. Mr. Davis was against the high tariff. Mr. Davis had denounced the alleged corruptions and extravagances and centralizing tendencies of the Republican administration now in power in Washington. He had denounced them as vigorously as any John the Baptist out in the wilderness of the swamp or prairie States.

The Democratic Party is our one continuous and abiding achievement in American politics. Let a man denounce the tariff as Jefferson denounced it. Let a man denounce alleged corruptions and extravagances and centralizing tendencies at Washington as Jefferson denounced them. Something deep-down, something continuously historic, in the breast of the Democratic Party acclaims that man as a sufficient Democrat.

All details are mere modernisms. The vital proposition is that a Democrat shall be against the tariff and shall accuse the other party of corruption, extravagance, and centralization.

Thomas Jefferson could sit down with John W. Davis and find himself in the strictest and completest accord with him. Davis is in numerous ways eminently satisfactory to New York business interests, not because he is not a Jeffersonian but precisely because he is. He wishes, it is true, to exclude those interests from the benefits of the present high tariff. He openly, it is true, assails the recent depredations committed upon the federal public naval oil domain; and does it as vehemently as Thomas J. Walsh himself could do it. He opposes, it is true, what he calls "special privileges" for the so-called "classes." Then, however, comes the point. He equally ardently backs away, by first impulse, from all alleged "special privileges" for the so-called "masses."

He denounces the multiplication of departments and bureaus for benevolence and beneficence at Washington. He gives no encouragement whatsoever to governmental adventures in the ownership and operation of any business ventures. If he shows no tendencies toward a high tariff, he also shows no tendencies toward government ownership of railroads.

The situation, therefore, in its most condensed form, is as follows:

Mr. Coolidge—so far as he has revealed himself—is essentially in favor of all industrial developments approximately as they are.

Mr. La Follette—so far as he has revealed himself—would bust the trusts and go backward to individualism in general business while at the same time going forward—as it is called—to public ownership of the special central business of railroad transportation.

Mr. Davis—so far as he has revealed himself—is in favor of making the government cease serving alleged private interests through such devices as the tariff while at the same time he gives no countenance to having it serve alleged public interests through such devices as government ownership of railroads.

Mr. Davis opposes both the old governmentalist and the new governmentalist. He is a double-edged sword waving all invaders away from the governmental Garden of Eden. He is an outright test of whether or not there is any room for Jeffersonianism in America today.

## In the Driftway

NO publisher has yet whirled up to the Drifter's door in a Rolls-Royce to demand in forty-eight hours the manuscript of the book on "The Smells of a Great City," which the Drifter recently announced (July 2) he was ready to write. The Drifter is not disturbed, though. Indeed, he hopes the publishers will hold off a few weeks longer, in which case he will not have to write the book at all; by that time his friends will have done it for him. At least, that is the present promise, Stanley Alden of North Pownal, Vermont, having already sent in his contribution.

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THOUGH it is apparent that the Drifter has followed his nose to signal advantage in New York City, he has yet to smell some of Boston's best offerings [writes Mr. Alden]. Sniffing about the hide streets may be good fun, but has he never discovered Long Wharf, or Salem Street of a Saturday night? Is he unfamiliar with the Cambridge rooming-house odor that every September welcomes back to Oxford Street the returning graduate student; or the clean, oily emanations from classroom and offices of administration that salute students the States over when college reopens in the autumn? Has he sniffed about Baltimore wharves, yet missed the delectable odors of Lexington Street Market of a Saturday morning in spring, when its walks are lined with cullings from the whole Maryland countryside, including the smells thereof? What could be more enticing to the discriminating nose than the scent of geranium leaves newly sprinkled, or the faint aroma of sauerkraut and pickles of a hundred sorts to be had for the smelling all along those market avenues of delight? Has he missed Baltimore when the linden blooms in June? If he is for city smells, let me commend those of the Cowcaddens in Glasgow on a wet day, or of any by-street in an English provincial city such as Worcester or Norwich, where the breweries contribute a sour, pervasive odor like nothing else in this smelly old world.

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FOR myself [continues Mr. Alden], I prefer the offerings of rural regions, and can yet recall the thrills I had from discovering the delicious smell of wet bracken on a mist-swept moor, or the spicy pungency arising from sunbaked mesas in Arizona or Colorado when the sage-brush yielded of its acrid strength to the wine-like air of those high places. And here I would waft thanks to that vendor of hot *tamales* and *chile con carne* whose wares enchanted my nostrils on a coal-black summer night in Boise, Idaho, when the delicate bouquet of those alien viands drifted to me along with the plaintive sweetness of a guitar thrummed by some languid *Mexicano* in the *placita*

behind an adobe dwelling. I can smell over again the first coal smoke that drifted to me, a prairie boy, as I used to approach the little Kansas town, my country nose unaccustomed to anything stronger than wood or corn-cob smoke. How its strangeness set my young heart beating, eager for all the allure of unknown town life! But even that grateful strangeness could hardly vie with the familiar sweet smell of a wet corn-field in late June, or the richness of a wheat-field at harvest time. Then after the wheat had been threshed and hauled to mill, what wholesome, floury odors greeted one at the mill door!

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BUT I fancy that the Drifter is too urban to relish these simple delicacies. [He is wrong there, but let him continue.] May I therefore commend to his olfactory nerves the savor of printers' ink in a newspaper office, once smelled, never to be forgotten nor escaped from, as the Drifter knows. May I remind him that there is something to be said for the salutation to one's nose upon opening the door of an old hackney carriage, or upon entering a Pullman berth at night, or when emerging in early morning upon a new-washed deck at sea? Surely in his *magnum opus* he will not pass by these lowly smells! Let him keep doggedly at his glorious task; I am sure he will nose out perfumes to tickle a thousand delicate noses. He might, even, get a few hints from Cyrano!

THE DRIFTER

## Correspondence

### Drafting La Follette

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It looked like any other box, three feet long and two feet wide. The taxi-driver swung the box down from his seat and carried it into 2112 Wyoming Avenue, Washington, and deposited it in the passage. The box looked as if it might contain files of dusty reports.

But they were not dusty. They had come fresh from nearly a quarter of a million hands. The list of the occupations of those hands was in the box, and every industry, every profession—cowboy, ice-man, inventor, the classified and the unclassified—the roll of the people. From across miles, from down in the earth and from the sea appeals for a new leadership met in the box in the passage.

The little committee that had brought the petitions went up the stairs to a book-lined room. Senator La Follette was there and Mrs. La Follette and Bob, Jr., and two friends of years. When Chairman W. T. Rawleigh of the La Follette for President Committee rose to speak for the others, the Senator also rose—there was no other formality. But in the speaker's voice was the fine formality of feeling—so deep that it was like still other words. Chairman Rawleigh was speaking to the friend of his Wisconsin boyhood, the literal log-cabin friend, of whom his father had said: "Watch that boy; we're going to hear from him." In the box down in the passage was the proof of his remembered words.

On behalf of more than two hundred thousand American citizens. . . . In this crisis we turn to you . . . the one man big enough and strong enough and courageous enough to drive the money changers out of the temple of the government and restore it cleansed to the service of the people. . . .

It was the loud-speaker of the radio, transmitting not one to many, but many voices to one listener.

It came to those who watched that the one thing which Robert La Follette can need is a loud-speaker turned to the people. If his principles and his personality can reach the people undistorted, the people will follow him. Now he was saying:

I am more moved by this than by any incident of my

life. Yet I know that this is no personal tribute. The principles for which we are standing together are greater than any person or any party. When you call for an independent progressive movement, I know that you are right. The two old parties have betrayed the people. . . . I see nothing in either of their platforms on which to build a hope for tomorrow . . . and they have ignored the supreme issue, involving all others: the encroachment of the powerful few upon the rights of the many. . . . This great power has come between the people and their government. . . . We must meet our problem or else lay it upon our children. My friends, from my heart I give you my thanks for your trust in me. I shall answer you and the emergency committee together tomorrow, in Cleveland. Whatever happens, the cornerstone of a new structure has been laid.

There were high moments in the Cleveland convention. There was the moment when the Senator's acceptance came to the delegates. There was the moment when one after another of the progressive groups took the rostrum to indorse him. There was the moment when his platform was adopted, a new statement of liberty in America, every clause cheered in the hall where it had been hissed three weeks before. There were the moments when the representatives of the people came to make their demand for a new day. But there was no more impressive moment than the one in the upper room of his home, where the people sent him their word that they had turned to him. It was a moment prophetic and historic.

Yet the committee left with a jest, which was all serious. Somebody said: "Imagine any nation with a Prime Minister like Ramsay MacDonald trying to go to war with any nation with a President like Robert La Follette."

Portage, Wisconsin, July 10

ZONA GALE

## The Perennial Patriot

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I wonder if it is realized how ancient is the lineage of the cry of the hundred-percenters, "America for Americans." It might be presumed that had they been makers of records the Indians would be found to have ended every speech with some such sentiment. However that may be, the idea, phrased most concisely, appears in the Reverend Nathaniel Ward's "Simple Cobbler of Agawam." The passage is as follows:

My heart hath naturally detested foure things: The standing of the Apochrypha in the Bible; forrainers dwelling in my countrey, to crowd out native subjects into the corners of the earth; alchemyzed coins; tolerations of divers religions, or of one religion in segregant shapes.

The volume was published in England in 1647, but Ward was writing as one of the New-English, as he phrased it, in Ipswich, Massachusetts.

Brookings, South Dakota, June 30 WILLIAM H. POWERS

## Inbreeding and Degeneracy

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I wish to call attention to a rather popular fallacy which came out in an article by Charles W. Wood on New York: State of Unwilling Progress in your issue of April 23. He refers to the many isolated communities in upper New York State and attributes the degeneracy and lack of desire for progress to the inbreeding of many generations of American stock.

The conception that degeneracy is due to inbreeding is the fallacy to which I refer. Inbreeding is not detrimental from a scientific standpoint, any more in human beings than it is in animals. All of our finest stocks of domestic animals are the definite result of inbreeding. It is only when the original stock has bad characteristics that inbreeding is detrimental. The great trouble with the isolated communities of New York State,

like those all through New England, where many generations of American stock have remained in the same small community, is the fact that these people are the detritus which has been left behind by the wave of Western immigration. Most of the progressive, intelligent, and able members of many succeeding generations have left these communities to seek their fortunes in the cities or in the West. Those who have remained behind have been unfit for various reasons. The resulting inbreeding of this inferior stock has only produced the mean assortment that one would expect from the circumstances.

Conversely, had some factor occurred which had caused the removal of this inferior stock with a survival of physically and intellectually strong, one might have looked for the growth of an unusually able group of people.

CHARLES E. PARSONS, M.D.

*Twillingate, Newfoundland, May 15*

## "The Usual Crime"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. Robert Herrick's remarks on "the usual crime" in his article on the Race Problem in the Caribbean, published in your issue of June 11, are excellent, but not nearly strong enough, I believe. The following experience shows how different is the picture in the British West Indies from that painted in our Southern States.

Some years ago when I was on a steamer on my way to Jamaica, I read "White Capital and Black Labor," by Sir Sydney Olivier (now Lord Olivier, Secretary for India in the British Cabinet). The following passage attracted my attention:

Now the fact is that in the British West Indies assaults by black or colored men on white women or children are practically altogether unknown. No apprehension of them whatever troubles society. I say this as an administrator familiar with the judicial statistics, as a resident familiar with all parts of Jamaica and all classes of its population, as the head of a household of women and girls which have frequented the suburbs of Kingston and lived for weeks and months in remote country districts with neither myself nor any other white man within call. Any resident in Jamaica will tell the same story. A young white woman can walk alone in the hills or to Kingston in daylight or dark, through populous settlements of exclusively black or colored folk without encountering anything but friendly salutation from man or woman. Single ladies may hire a carriage and drive all over the island without trouble or molestation. Offenses against women and children come into the courts: but they are not against white women and children. Whatever may be the cause it is the indisputable fact that Jamaica or any other West Indian island is as safe for white women to go about in, if not safer, than any European country with which I am acquainted.

Lord Olivier had been governor of Jamaica for some years. I happened to be seated at table on this steamer next to the Hon. E. St. John Branch, who was attorney general for the British West Indies, and I asked him what he thought of Olivier's statement. After thinking it over he replied that so far as he could remember no case of assault or attempted assault of a white woman or girl by a Negro had occurred in the courts during his term of office. If I remember correctly, he told me he had been attorney general for seventeen years.

Consider the population statistics of the Island of Jamaica: The total population (according to the 1911 census) was 831,383, of whom 630,181 were black, 163,201 "colored," and 15,605 white. That is to say, there were just fifty black and colored people to one white person. Many of the judges, all the policemen, and all of the troops except commissioned officers were blacks; and there was no such thing as rape of white women.

The Negroes are of the same races as those imported to our country. The slave ships came in general from the same parts of Africa.

What is the answer?

Are we to believe that because of real or imagined ill-treatment here the Negroes have taken to the custom of raping white women, although they do not do it in the West Indies?

Is it reasonable to suppose that if the Negroes do not commit this crime where they greatly outnumber the whites and where there is no danger whatever of their being lynched, they would take to it in a country where the whites outnumber them almost everywhere, where all authority is in the hands of the whites, and where if they should commit such a crime they are almost certain to be caught, likely to be killed without even a semblance of trial, and not improbably under most brutal conditions attended by atrocities such as are seldom found even among savages?

What reliable evidence is there that the assault upon white women by Negroes has ever occurred or been attempted on a scale sufficient so that it might be considered as a likely danger? Certainly the say-so of those who have been implicated in group murders, called lynchings, a say-so which is not given under oath, and not subject to the analysis of cross-examination by legal counsel is not sufficiently convincing.

Can it be that the "usual crime" does not exist and has not existed? (I am speaking, of course, of its existence as a racial tendency, and exclude from consideration sporadic cases of insane degenerates which occur among all races.) If so, it is one of the most despicable lies of all times.

*New York, July 1*

HUNTINGTON ADAMS

## California Blues

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I got sick of your everlasting jeremiads and stopped my subscription to your damned old indigo-mill; but I find I can't do without it and am sending check to renew my subscription. I find by experience that you stand for what is sound and right and don't go pussyfooting around political and social stinkholes. I read that you are out for a third party that will kill the rats that eat the malt that lives in the house that Lincoln built. This is, in the main, my reason for again enlisting under your banner.

*Santa Barbara, California, June 30* - CHARLES E. STOWE

## Contributors to This Issue

DAVID SARNOFF is general manager of the Radio Corporation of America.

GROVER A. WHALEN, until recently Commissioner of Plant and Structures of New York City, was largely instrumental in establishing the New York municipal radio broadcasting plant just opened.

HUDSON MAXIM is famous as the inventor of smokeless powder and other explosives and is a member of the Naval Consulting Board.

H. L. MENCKEN, editor of the *American Mercury*, contributing editor of *The Nation*, is the author of many books, among them "In Defense of Women."

GEORGE SOULE is a writer on industrial subjects and a director of the Labor Bureau.

H. K. DICK is a member of the faculty of English at Columbia University.

THOMAS CRAVEN, author of "Paint," is a frequent contributor of art criticism to current periodicals.

MELVILLE J. HERSKOVITS is an anthropologist who has made special studies of Negro types.

OUIDA MEYER is a member of the staff of *The Nation*.

## Books

### "He Was an Englishman"

*W. S. Gilbert: His Life and Letters.* By Sidney Dark and Rowland Grey. George H. Doran Company. \$5.

THIS Dark-Grey book about "Gilbert of the Immortal Gilbert and Sullivan" contains many interesting facts, photographs, letters, anecdotes, dates, out of which a biography might very well have been made. The authors show Gilbert in the theater, at home, as lawyer, artist, friend; and yet somehow, perhaps because of the very accumulation of details, they fail to vivify the character of the man who will live a long time in the affections of many because he wrote the "Bab Ballads" and the Savoy opera libretti. What comment there is seems perfunctory, not too discriminating, undeveloped. We should prefer a great deal more criticism, of a different sort, or none. Besides, we suspect that much has been suppressed in compliance with the declared desire

to prove, what is the obvious and first duty of the biographer to prove, that W. S. Gilbert was capable of the most generous appreciation, that the success of the Gilbert and Sullivan collaboration was largely due to his readiness to listen and to change, and that while he had unquestionably a proper idea of the merit of his own work, he never undervalued the work of his collaborator.

Now the Gilbert enthusiast, usually a person strong enough in mind to contemplate his hero as he was, is not going to be greatly reassured by such stressing of a fancied obligation to do a good job in whitewashing. Even the cause of the quarrel with Sullivan, which might possibly have interested some readers, is hurried over in a few sentences. All this arouses the very suspicions that the biographers intend to allay. If Gilbert was unpleasant at times, there is little enough harm in our knowing it. It is clear that Gilbert took himself and his work very seriously indeed, as seriously as ever the captain of the Pinafore did. "He said, and he believed, that the real Gilbert was the Gilbert of 'Broken Hearts.'" Here is attractive matter for speculation.

It would be ungrateful, however, to hint that there is nothing in the book to be thankful for. Two of the "lost Babs" that it restores are good salty fare, "Prince Il Baleine" and "The Three Bohemian Ones." The epilogue to the richly edited story of the Bohemians goes:

By strong exceptions Virtue deigns  
To prove how paramount she reigns;  
A standing rule I do not know  
That's been more oft established so.

The letters set out some delectable bits as well, among them this:

I read the other day of an Irish lady who married a man she didn't like, and when asked why she married him, she replied that she did so entirely that the poor little innocents who (she felt sure) would some day be born to her should have some one to look after them and protect them if she should die during their infancy. I call that subtle.

On our way through the book we learn without amazement that Gilbert admired the Book of Job, but not Jane Austen; that he built his libretti with architectural care; that he approved of the censorship of plays; that at the age of two he was stolen by bandits at Naples and ransomed for twenty-five pounds; that he had an ear for rhythm but not for melody, and a particular liking for Mozart; that he was an admirable conjurer. While all this seems in character, it does not bring us very near to the springs of Gilbert's genius. He is turned round and round, but not revealed. There is too little play of light and shade; all details seem to be of equal importance; there are no leading ideas to govern the chaos of mere fact. It is entirely too like life. Strachey and his followers have spoiled us for this sort of biography.

A doubt, however, will spring up. It may be true in the end that it is quite as difficult to expose Gilbert's secret as it is to expose Hamlet's or Everyman's. Can it be that the Comic Spirit, recognizing a peculiarly favorable medium for its purposes of expression, uses a Gilbert without his real knowledge or consent? We need a new Meredith to reassess the comic germ. However that may be, surely it is in his astounding command of words that we come nearest the thing which makes Gilbert most recognizably Gilbert, as well as in the endlessly varied and easy exploration of rhythms adaptable to English uses. Here he has no rival. Under his wizard's eye, the dictionary, losing shyness, performs a prodigiously agile dance, all with native grace, that leaves no word undizzy. And not only the English dictionary, but the French as well.

But while this technical facility of Gilbert's may interest the initiated who grow green in the contemplation of its finality, it does not explain his success in the theater. He tickles irresistibly the ear and brain of the most heterogeneous audiences in London, New York, and in little provincial summer "parks." It is, of course, all in the manner, for the matter is the stock in trade of all satiric humorists, but the *how* of the manner is still to seek. Words and ideas clash and kindle. You can always see how the trick begins, but you never see the end of it, because the magician has first laughed you out of thought, and then back again into thought. Your emotions have been worked upon as easily, as pleasantly, and even as mysteriously as by the Mozart grace, the Vermeer coloring, or the cadence of Caroline lyric verse. It may be remembered that Gilbert loved conjuring. He can "trick you into learning with a laugh," and gild very delicately "the philosophic pill," but he survives not by reason of the instruction or the pill.

Since there was more of humor in him than wit he was a conservative; being a poet he could enjoy the wonders in the world and talk about them charmingly; being a satirist as well as a conservative he was not blind to the discrepancy between things as they are and as they might be; being a Victorian he allowed himself the luxury of a little sentimentality. To him belongs the honor both of originating and of perfecting a wholly individual mode of expression, and of bringing back to the comic stage honest craftsmanship and honest merriment.

H. K. DICK

### Teachers in Israel

*Patriotism of the American Jew.* By Samuel Walker McCall.

Foreword by Charles W. Eliot. Plymouth Press. \$2.50.

*Changing Conceptions in Jewish Education.* By Emanuel Gamoran. The Macmillan Company. \$2.

*Bernard Felsenthal, Teacher in Israel.* By Emma Felsenthal.

Foreword by Cyrus Adler. Oxford University Press. \$3.

LET us have books about Jews written either by Jews or by anti-Semites; for the first are at least prevented by the dictates of good taste from the fulsome eulogy and worthless sentimentalizing which Gentile friends of the Children of Israel deem it necessary to bring to the discussions of the Jewish question, and obviously the latter are not guilty of this venial transgression whatever other deadly sins they may commit. These reflections are called forth by the fact that on the crest of the wave of anti-Semitism which recently inundated America have come some books which it is a mortification and a humiliation for a Jew to read. Surely the experience of the past 2,000 years of grace should convince the amiable defenders of the Jew that intolerance is not to be combated by apologia or hatred by flattery.

Thus, even Dr. Eliot's opinion that Governor McCall's book ought to be widely read in the United States does not convince me that there is anything of value in the volume beyond the first and the last two chapters, in which the author generalizes in a liberal and intelligent manner on the dangers of race prejudice and on America's position in the present

Ku Klux crisis. For the rest, it is the usual compilation of historical instances which, though they reflect credit on the Jew, are useless as evidence of Jewish worth and utterly irrelevant to the questions of racial tolerance and America's problem in establishing national amity.

From the earliest times to the latest [writes Dr. Eliot] the Hebrew race has been to a remarkable extent a literate people, passing down from father to son and from generation to generation the art of reading and writing, the love of letters, and a strong belief in education. On down the centuries the synagogue has been a school for both children and adults, and the rabbis have been teachers of morality, social order, and domestic honor and love.

Dr. Gamoran's volume is a study dealing with the institutional development of this "love of letters" in Europe and America. It is a careful, scholarly work concerned with the broader aspects of the influences which are responsible for the changing concepts as well as with the more concrete manifestations of this evolution. The author regards these developments with a smug and satisfied air; he has played his part in effecting some of the latest changes and he finds them good. In his complacency, Mr. Gamoran occasionally forsakes the critical attitude of the scholar. Hence he, like Dr. Eliot, sees in the numerous commands and injunctions to study the innate Jewish love of learning; it would be more truly interpreted as an important duty which demanded a good deal of emphasis from the prophets of the Bible and the Talmudic sages.

Mr. Gamoran might profit by the genial cynicism of Dr. Felsenthal, who was in a wider sense one of the teachers in Israel. In fact, Rabbi Felsenthal went beyond the confines of his race to teach, and his lecture on Bible Interpretation to a Gentile audience is probably one of the keenest blows at prejudiced theological pedagogy struck in our time. With two other exceptions the selections from his writings given in this volume are addressed entirely to Jews, but they carry implications beyond either sectarian or national problems. Miss Felsenthal's biography of her father is informative, lucid, and restrained.

JOHAN J. SMERTENKO

## An Unquenchable Spirit

*The Strike for Union.* By Heber Blankenhorn. H. W. Wilson Company. \$2.25.

Shortly before midnight they were awakened by flash-lights. Ten khaki-clad men were in the room waving revolvers and they seized Mr. Rykala. All the men went downstairs except one. Just as the door slammed shut, this man leaped at Mrs. Rykala, who was still in bed, violently brushing aside her seven-months-old baby, and falling against it as he hit the bed. With one hand over her mouth, almost strangling her while he covered her with his gun, he speedily overpowered her. Mrs. Rykala is a small, delicate woman who had been in ill health for several months and was able to offer poor resistance. As the thug finished the assault he again threatened to kill her if she told anyone. He was leaving, when two of the other men stepped into the room, looked at her and laughed, making coarse remarks.

THE ten men were the coal and iron police of the Berwind-White Coal Company in Somerset County, Pennsylvania. John Rykala was a miner suspected of union sympathies, and the night was that of May 1, 1922. This is what it may mean to be the wife of a man suspected of union sympathies in the most Christian State of Pennsylvania today.

Mr. Blankenhorn through some obscure chemistry has accomplished a very difficult task. He has succeeded in mixing the oil of emotion with the water of facts, and has given us an account of a strike in the coal-fields which is at once profoundly stirring and meticulously documented. Somerset County is non-union—has always been non-union. Yet when the United Mine Workers struck in the spring of 1922 Somerset County went out with them. There was no organization,

no call, but by a curious telepathy the pits were emptied almost spontaneously. And then in the face of guards, guns, evictions, courts, constabulary, and such incidents as that quoted above the county proceeded to organize.

In some places an accordion led the throng. Then the arriving jitney and acclaiming hullabaloo—"it's the organizers." The climax would be the dead silence surrounding groups of men, hats off, right hands upheld, repeating, phrase after phrase, the oath of allegiance to the union.

The story of the strike, which lasted a year and more before Messrs. Rockefeller, Berwind, Gary, and Mellon finally broke it, its sidelights on labor politics, on the stake of the public in the coal industry, on waste and mismanagement and overdevelopment, on the status of the Constitution in the remoter sections of the Appalachians—are important, and admirably set forth by Mr. Blankenhorn. But more important still is the fact that even generations in the mines cannot quench the human spirit; that, living under a feudalism black as any to be found in the tenth century, men could still come laughing from the pits, still hold up their right hands and swear allegiance to the union, still close their ranks through a winter of privation and suffering, still faint and starve, aye, and die, as a protest and a sign against the intolerable degradation of modern industrialism. It's this which beats the breath from the heart and blinds the eyes with tears!

STUART CHASE

## A Modernist Primer

*A Primer of Modern Art.* By Sheldon Cheney. Boni and Liveright. \$6.

THE history of art has revealed many curious phenomena, but nothing so extraordinary as the incredible theories put forth in defense of the more recent tendencies of painting. The plastic arts, essentially the simplest and most perspicuous of all creative forms, have become so heavily encumbered with speculative nonsense that one begins to despair of criticism, and to wish that psychology had never been invented. No wonder the layman is tempted to regard modernism as an esoteric cult, half-science, half-nerve—a meaningless practice devoid of the sanity of human conflicts and aspirations. Mr. Sheldon Cheney's book is no exception. Not in a long time have I seen a work that promises so much and accomplishes so little. With every intention of writing a primer, the author has condensed the theoretical aspects of art into journalistic enigmas, and has with results that are bewildering and pointless made the appreciation of pictures dependent on a set of popular laboratory formulations. In the first place, his desire to display an unusual acquaintance with names and movements has led him to include everything in the modernist category—painting, sculpture, mobile color, the theater—and to praise nonentities and eccentrics if they happen to conform to European mannerisms. In the second, his opinions, while entertaining and cleverly translated into newspaper English, are borrowed from untrustworthy sources.

The aesthetics of the "Primer" is a rather unstable compound of expressionism and Clive Bell. "What is art?" asks the lay reader. "Art," answers Mr. Cheney paraphrasing Mr. Bell, "is expressive form." "And what is expressive form?" "Expressive form," answers Mr. Cheney in the language of Mr. Bell, "is that which provokes the aesthetic emotion." "And the aesthetic emotion?" Here the author is not so facile, but from the general trend of his ideas one gathers that the aesthetic emotion is something very rare indeed. It is indispensable to the enjoyment of art, and yet it is limited to a handful of cosmopolitan hedonists; in common with other emotions it has its basis in human feelings, and yet it is somehow unique. The favored souls capable of this aesthetic excitement understand the purity of art, that is to say, they divorce from the object

all representational elements, all racial reflections, all meaning, and derive a peculiar ecstasy from the abstract harmonics of lines and colors in dynamic combinations. This sort of reasoning may be attributed directly to the curse of half-baked psychoanalysis. Better the descriptive oratory of Ruskin and his disciples than the barren hedonism of the intellectual abstractionists. The truth is that Mr. Cheney is quite as academic in his approach as was, for instance, Walter Pater. To both of these men the whole significance of art is contained in the object: the difference lies in the fact that Pater described pictures in terms of an inordinately refined sentimentalism, whereas the modernist critic describes them in the shifting theories of contemporary psychology.

Until critics take into account the social values of art, and discover its importance as an integral factor in progressive experience, the painter is doomed, I fear, to remain in the isolation which makes him either an outcast or a snob. The theoretical function of criticism is to guide and assist our objectifying faculties by pointing out the relation of current activities to individual needs. Criticism in a professional sense should be an extension of these activities to a larger field, a field where new ideas and new explorations, as they take form in pigment, are considered as possessing an intimate connection with general demands. It is undeniable that the late efflorescence of abstract designs sprang from a widespread feeling of necessity, from a dissatisfaction with imitation and a revolt against unreflective naturalism; but Mr. Cheney, when he touches on the problem, falls back on the expressionistic formula. With him expressionism is a vague and technical affair excusing anything that occurs in art, and he does not take the trouble to show how this doctrine, perhaps the most popular aesthetic doctrine in the world today, has a certain philosophical justification in the lyrical attitude of Croce. Whatever may be said of art as a personal expression, the subject finally arrives at the point where it becomes an object of communication with a definite social value. In this respect it resembles political, economic, and ethical ideas which, according to the richness of their content, are so much change destined to circulate as long as it is related to practical needs, as long as it affords a release for new activity. Art, therefore, is representative of ideational tendencies as well as dreams of beauty and drama, and takes a distinct place in the general evolution and development of thought. It becomes, in short, an ingredient of progressive experience. It is with art as such an ingredient that fundamental criticism is concerned.

THOMAS CRAVEN

## Confusion Worse Confounded

*Confusion.* By James Gould Cozzens. B. J. Brimmer. \$2.

"CONFUSION," although it is cleverly joined, is not well written. Speaking of a husband released from military duty, Mr. Cozzens says: "The leisure which Pierre had been denied at the Post enabled him to play the lover now." It may require but a slight correction to give the author's intended meaning—"Leisure, which Pierre had been denied at the Post, enabled him to play the lover now"—yet the significance of such a confusion of thought is multiplied by the frequency of its occurrence, as well as by the overabundant evidence of incoherence in style, particularly the continued misuse of "and." One might attempt to wave such things aside if, as often in Dreiser's case, the style added power to the subject; unfortunately, in this volume, the suave culture of a thousand years receives the same slipshod presentation as the modern mummery of the flapper. It seems hardly necessary to point out absurdities in the tale, such as the infantile speculations of the women when Cerise is born; or the fact that although the twelve-year-old Cerise (on page 55) drives an auto at a speed of over forty miles an hour, with a wave of the hand to passersby, the mature Cerise (on page 299) is to be taught how

to drive. Errors of this sort seem the inevitable accompaniment of confusion.

Nevertheless, Mr. Cozzens has worked cleverly, effecting by triple shifting an impression of growth. The first section of his tale is in the land of Carefreedom, that pre-war paradise in which gold flows like wine and culture is the inheritance of any fair heroine. In this ideal land Cerise learns her six languages, her fencing, shooting, swimming, riding, driving, while the fresh ardor of a beautiful spirit of nature grows in her. The twelve-year-old tomboy stands rapt before a marble Aphrodite, "sunk immediately in the old amazement"; she sits breathless, facing the sunset, until, "at last able to look away from the evening and the soft fields," she calls for a story of old. From this pre-war El Dorado she is transported to our own times, to the men and the maids and the maze of Jazzbohemia; in the round of petty maneuvers for petting privileges, Cerise first endures, then pities, then embraces, while the young Mr. Cozzens trails the young Scott Fitzgerald. The embraces of Jazzbohemia are barren, these writers proclaim; the unsatisfied heroine seeks beyond. In the third stage of the tale the author, brave as the early A. S. M. Hutchinson, achieves his distinction: he sends Cerise for her solution beyond the mundane sphere. She dreams of escape with one hero—at once his aeroplane crashes him to death; she flees from her thoughts with another—a train splinters their automobile and kills the man. In the hospital (in a chapter called White Roses) Cerise seems on the way to recovery; she ponders, decides that life has nothing of value to offer, and she dies. Her tale has united two great periods and types of literary bunk; her death bids for the teardrops of a third. That it should all be taken seriously is a tribute to Mr. Cozzens's skill at cozenage.

JOSEPH T. SHIPLEY

## The African at Home

*The Bagesu and Other Tribes of the Uganda Protectorate.* Part Three of the Report of the Mackie Ethnological Expedition to Central Africa. The Macmillan Company. \$6.50.

WITH this work Cannon Roscoe completes the series of three volumes constituting the report of the Mackie Expedition to Central Africa, the other two being "The Banyankole" and "The Bakitara." The expedition itself took place during the years 1919 and 1920, and supplemented the author's previous large experience in Africa, where he has been missionary and student of native life in this region for many years. This third volume, unlike the two which have preceded it, is hardly more than field notes, rather than a monographic study of a single tribe. At the same time, it emphasizes the point which is perhaps one of the most difficult for the lay reader to comprehend when thinking of "primitive" peoples—the individuality of one tribal group in its customs and manners as against another, and the importance of not grouping large numbers of peoples under one heading and saying that they all do one sort of thing or another in the same fashion.

The first people described in the book, the Bagesu, live on the slope of Mount Elgon, a snow-covered peak not far from the Equator lying immediately to the northeast of Lake Victoria Nyanza. These people, "one of the most primitive of the Negro tribes of Africa," live high on the mountain side, where they find refuge and shelter in caves. Driven there by their fierce and more competent neighbors, the Nandi, Masai, and the Abyssinians, they found safety in the high places, where the cold and the ease with which they might hurl missiles on their approaching foes made for safety for them. The caves are also used to shelter their cattle, which are taken out to graze only at night, when raiders are near; at other times they graze about the villages in which their masters live. The tribe is divided into clans, which, to the surprise of Cannon Roscoe (who in

matters of social organization is greatly influenced by the theories of Sir James Frazier), are to all appearances quite unconnected with totems. These clans seem to be of significance in regulating the marriage relationship, marriage within the clan being forbidden. Although living in this cold climate, their clothing is scanty, and their ideas of sanitation, both personal and in regard to their habitations, are simple. Their occupations are mainly agriculture and herding, though the number of cattle they possess is small as compared with the herds of the great cattle-keeping peoples about them. Pottery-making is done by anyone who wishes, there being no special class, and the knowledge of iron-working, usually so extensive in Africa, is rudimentary. The ceremonials which mark birth, death, marriage, and puberty are elaborate, and women, to be eligible for marriage, must scar themselves in stated patterns by raising keloids, which are disfiguring marks made by scratching the body and irritating the wound as it heals by rubbing dirt and ashes in it.

On the northeastern slope of the mountain the expedition found the Basabei, who are described as semi-pastoral. They, too, are divided into clans, and, as among the Bagesu, the clans regulate the division of the land. Each has its own head-man, who controls it and its relations to the other clans, and settles disputes between its members. Unlike some of the strictly cattle peoples to the west, the diet of these people includes vegetable food as well as meat and milk, although in many of their ceremonies the use of cattle resembles that of these other groups. They busy themselves with herding their cattle and working their land, making pottery and knife-blades and spear heads of iron, by building their houses and hunting the wild animals that abound, by dancing and warring. Here, both girls and boys are initiated into the mysteries of adulthood by rigorous and painful operations. The marriage customs of the tribe differ largely from those of the Bagesu, for, whereas there the fathers arrange for the marriage of their sons, the Basabei couple settle matters themselves and then announce the fact to their parents. Other tribes more or less sketchily described, often merely as notes to be added to the earlier accounts collected by the same writer in his "Northern Bantu," are the Bateso, a Nilotic tribe living to the north of Lake Kioga; the Busoga, an early tributary of the Bakitara, whom they resemble in most of their customs, such as the meat and milk taboos, the importance placed on cattle, their political organization, the Bakyiga, who live to the west of Lake Victoria Nyanza, and who are agriculturists as well as cattle-keepers; and still other tribes barely mentioned.

The book is interesting for the diversity of customs set forth for peoples living in a comparatively restricted area, although the shortness of the presentation with regard to each people is disappointing. It is also to be wished that Mr. Roscoe had occasionally let the people speak for themselves, and that, instead of devoting all his space to straight description, had taken and given translations of verbatim texts of some of the customs and ceremonials observed, so that these rapidly disappearing peoples might have left some account of their own for the student of the future. And it is to be doubted whether such illustrations as the one which shows the commissioner's camping ground is of any too great ethnographic interest or value. At the same time, the usefulness of this work must not be underestimated. Authoritative works on the African tribes are all too few for us not to welcome one which is carefully done and done without prejudice. And Mr. Roscoe is quite right when he states that "the origin of these pastoral people of the Lake Region still remains a mystery" and that "there still remains to be accomplished the more difficult . . . task of procuring information from the tribes along the frontier of Abyssinia." It is to be hoped that some light on the prehistoric migrations of the African peoples will eventually be forthcoming, but until many more careful works are given us, the problem will remain insoluble.

MELVILLE J. HERSKOVITS

## Drama

### Four Plays from Old Japan

WHILE the music revues are gathering up the jaded population of New York and are holding out alluring enchantments to any lingering convention delegates, a company of young people are offering a group of plays brought to this country from Japan and produced at the Threshold Theater under the direction of Mr. Michio Itow. Mr. Itow, who comes from the Imperial Theater of Tokio, which was destroyed in last autumn's earthquake, has selected an unfortunate time at which to present his efforts. The season well over, and a large proportion of the city's theatergoers fleeing to more inviting regions and leaving for the most part busy workers who seek lighter forms of entertainment, the Japanese plays seem an eminently worthy effort, but a sadly wasted one.

Splendid in certain features—notably lighting, scenic effect, costuming, and the glamorous atmosphere of Mr. Pogany's enchanting murals—they do not succeed in creating the hoped-for illusion. The flower is there and it is beautiful—but it is scentless. After all, in an Oriental play it is the Orientalism that counts for most. There is nothing Oriental about a bouncing young American, and most of the actors, under their make-up and gorgeous clothes, were hardly more than that. With the outstanding exception of Mr. Louis Smith, whose makeup was a highly artistic achievement, the characters, analyzed singly or as a group, missed the intangible illusion without which no amount of scenery could make their efforts thoroughly satisfying.

Of the four plays presented two, "Somebody-Nothing" and "The Fox Grave," were short comic sketches—comic in an inscrutable fashion that reminded one of the most humane Mikado that ever did in Japan exist. There was the master with his two henchmen, and one waited for the introduction of the boiling oil or the melted lead. Mr. Smith, mentioned before, was the master, and as he stood bedeviling his faithful but conniving attendants with smiling ferocity, against a magnificent backdrop of a pale color on which one huge gnarled tree in gorgeous blues and greens spread its stocky branches, one might have been looking at a Hiroshige print miraculously vitalized.

The longer plays were less effective, if more ambitious. "Forsaken Love," a "poetical comedy," is a melancholy fantasy in which a dashing young Samurai falls in love with a beautiful maiden and, coldly ignored, decides to "renounce the world" and seek consolation in the arms of Buddha. He gets him to his nunnery and makes friends with the children and animals who play about the temple. She, meanwhile, repenting and realizing that she had dallied too lightly with that which she most wanted, seeks the shrine to make confession and expiate her cruelty. There is a lovely scene between them, as with stoic renunciation the young priest closes the gate to her and thereby ends all possible connection with his mundane life. Albert Bliss as Tokiyori, "the heartbroken," does some very good work—if sometimes his manner is rather too Occidental.

Perhaps the most ambitious of the plays was the tragedy "Bushido," bloody, full of intrigue, self-sacrifice, and devotion to cause and monarch. There were many truly dramatic moments in the action—most moving of all the spectacle of a mother willing to see her only son slain almost before her eyes, as a substitute for the sacred little prince to whose honor and protection her life—and her child's—had been consecrated. The closing episode, as the dead child's parents, bowed in sorrow but serene in the righteousness of their sacrifice, remove their outer clothing and prepare for the burial of their slain child, is extremely well done. It leaves an impression of the sincerity as well as the technical potentiality of these players, and the hope that Mr. Itow will give New York a chance to know the plays of his country on some more opportune occasion.

QUIDA MEYER

# International Relations Section

## Russia's Bill of Damages

MUCH has been said about Russia's debts and the claims on behalf of other nations against Russia for damages and expropriation of property, but little has been said about Russia's claims. In a recent issue of its news letter the Rosta Agency published a summary of the counter-claims put forward by Russia, chiefly at the Genoa Conference in 1922. A part of the text follows:

The Soviet losses were divided in the Genoa memorandum into four main categories. The first category included the following main items: Gold exported from the state treasury illegally (by Kolchak and others), destruction of food and other property, known damages caused to railways, river transport, etc., which can be accurately estimated, and which are based on direct documentary evidence. Altogether, this category totals 12,213,160,000 gold rubles.

The second category consists of domestic losses which cannot be estimated so exactly. In particular, it includes deterioration and damage of railways, water transport, town buildings, peasants' stock, etc., and pensions to be paid to victims of the civil war (on the precedent of the Versailles treaty). The total losses of the second category are estimated at 11,271,590,000 gold rubles.

The third category is still more difficult to estimate in figures, but the damages are no less real. It includes the losses sustained by Soviet foreign trade by the blockade; and losses resulting from reduced industrial and agricultural production. The estimated total is 15,560,220,000 gold rubles.

The fourth category cannot be estimated in figures. No attempt was made to do so. It is certain that, if all the losses enumerated could be computed, they would make an immense total. Among the items included are: Stores and movable property carried off by invading armies (not included in any of the previous categories), the loss in live stock, the value of food crops not reaped as a result of invasion, the famine, in so far as it was made more severe by the blockade which prevented the import of agricultural machinery, etc., the epidemics of typhus and other infectious diseases, in so far as the consequences of blockade made it impossible to struggle against them successfully, the material losses resulting from pogroms, chiefly in south and east Russia, various properties of the state, municipalities, and other organizations carried off from Russian territory, or sums standing to the credit of those bodies in foreign banks, etc.

Without, however, including the losses and damages of the fourth category, the bill of damages thus amounts to 39,044,970,000 gold rubles, or roughly about £4,000,000,000. According to Mr. Lloyd George's estimate, Great Britain is responsible for over 50 per cent of the total damages and losses, or at least £2,000,000,000. This total, it must be emphasized, does not include all the actual material damages and losses suffered by the Soviet Union as a result of the Allied intervention and blockade.

### LOSS OF LIFE AND HUMAN SUFFERING

It is, of course, impossible to estimate in cold figures the terrible suffering inflicted on 130,000,000 human beings by the civil war which was fostered by the Allies for nearly four years, or the agony of the prolongation and intensification of the famine by the Allied blockade (which Mr. Lloyd George called "the death cordon"), or the miseries resulting from the impossibility of fighting, without soup, disinfectants, linen, etc., the epidemics which always follow in the wake of famine. There is no mathematical means of estimating the suffering of the numerous widows and, above all, of the orphans, left helpless as a result of the civil war, famine, and epidemics.

The actual loss of life resulting from the civil war, the famine, the diseases was enormous. But it was, perhaps, the least terrible of all the sufferings inflicted upon the Russian people as a result of the Allied intervention and blockade.

Although all this suffering cannot be computed in exact monetary terms, the British Government has itself provided a rough measure for translating suffering and death into terms of money.

On January 16, 1920, when the Allied intervention and blockade were still in force, Mrs. O. F. Davidson was executed in Leningrad on a charge of espionage, and in the summer of the same year Mrs. Stan Harding was imprisoned on a similar charge. The justice of these sentences, or the guilt or innocence of the victims, does not concern us here. In June, 1923, the British Government claimed compensation on behalf of Mrs. Davidson and Mrs. Harding in the following note to the Soviet Government:

The claims in question have been carefully examined. Assessment has been made on calculations derived from precedents which have occurred in other countries in the past. Without claiming the full amounts thus arrived at, His Majesty's Government propose that the Soviet Government shall pay the sum of £3,000 in respect of the claim of Mrs. Stan Harding and of £10,000 in respect of the claim of Mrs. Davidson.

These moderate claims are presented in the hope that it may be possible to arrive at an immediate settlement by agreement. If the Soviet Government is unwilling to agree to the figures mentioned, His Majesty's Government are prepared to submit the assessment of the claims to the judgment of an arbitrator appointed by both parties. In that event, however, His Majesty's Government hold themselves at liberty to put forward figures based on the detailed actuarial calculations on which there have been worked out figures which they only refrain from putting forward in the hope that the presentation of the more modest estimate will afford a chance of immediate settlement.

Both sums were paid by the Soviet Government.

If these two cases were accepted as standards, and £10,000 were claimed by the Soviet for every Soviet citizen who lost his or her life directly or indirectly as a result of the Allied blockade and intervention, and £3,000 for every Russian citizen who suffered from the same causes as much as Mrs. Stan Harding suffered from her imprisonment, the sum total would run into many thousands of millions of pounds sterling.

## China and Russia Agree

THE text of the recent agreement between the Soviet Government and China has not been made public, but the following article by George Chicherin, Russian Commissar for Foreign Affairs, printed in the *International Press Correspondence* for June 19, discusses the present relations between China and Russia:

Everyone of us and also every Chinese who has the interests of his people at heart will breathe more easily on learning that the impenetrable wall which separated us from China has at last been thrown down. It is high time! China could have no reason whatever for refusing to resume normal relations with us. The Chinese Government is not a creditor of the Soviet Union and could not make use of the question of the recognition of the Soviet Union in an attempt to compel payment of debts by us. It has hesitated so long over the recognition of the Soviet Union because it did not itself wish to recognize us. It began the blockade against the RSFSR at the beginning of 1918; later it rendered service to the interventionists and hesitated until recently to recognize us for one and the same reason: because of the pressure of the Entente Powers.

Even now the agreement between Com<sup>de</sup> Karachan and the Chinese Foreign Minister, Wellington K<sup>o</sup>, had to be prepared with the greatest secrecy. The diplomacy of the great Powers at first prevented the signing of our agreement with China and even now would not have permitted it if we had not succeeded in concealing from them the diplomatic documents during the negotiations.

The signing of this agreement by the Chinese Government is therefore a big stride on the road to the liberation of the politics of the colonial and semi-colonial peoples from the yoke of the great Powers. The significance of this independent act of Chinese policy extends far beyond the frontiers of China. It is an historical event in the emancipation movement of the Eastern peoples. China thereby shows that it is following the same road as Turkey did in Sakarién and in Lausanne, as Persia did in the year 1920, and Afghanistan at the beginning of the rule of the Emir Amanuli. The process of the awakening of the peoples of the Orient, their fight against imperialistic suppression, the establishment of their complete freedom is going steadily and inevitably forward. The forces of the Eastern peoples are gradually growing. They are increasing in political and economic strength with every day.

Thereby their friendly relations with the Soviet Union are strengthened. These friendly relations represent one of the most important elements of that historical process which embraces the whole East. These relations become more firm with every success of the Eastern peoples on the road to emancipation. In the same way the resumption of normal relations with the Soviet Union is for China a gigantic step forward on the road to emancipation from the foreign yoke, and, vice versa, its further advance along the same road will conduce to a further strengthening of the friendship with the Soviet Union.

The normal relations between the Soviet Union and China must be of the friendliest nature, and this truth has penetrated deep into the consciousness of the broadest masses in China. The peoples of the Soviet Union will proceed together hand in hand and render each other the fullest support in every respect. The broad masses of China, among whom the name of Lenin has become the most popular, thoroughly realize that the Soviet Republic is their only consistent and entirely disinterested friend. It is precisely because Chinese public opinion recognizes this that it has exercised such persistent pressure upon the Chinese Government and demanded an understanding with the Soviet Union. The undisguised, brutally cynical act of American diplomacy, which endeavored by intimidation and by open pressure to prevent China from coming to an agreement with us, has still further roused Chinese public opinion and thereby accelerated the favorable solution of the senseless crisis, which had already lasted too long, between the Soviet Union and China.

The strengthening of the Eastern peoples who are striving after emancipation, the transference of their whole foreign policy and their inner life to entirely new lines is therefore one of the general causes which led to the restoration of normal relations between ourselves and China. Another general cause consists in the fact that the international policy of a whole series of great Powers has taken, only partially but nevertheless noticeably, a new course. The bourgeoisie of the strongest Western Powers has, if one may so express it, changed from the right horse to the left, among other reasons because their old policy in colonial and semi-colonial countries threatened them with imminent disaster. They were obliged to adopt other methods, to proceed to compromises, to carry out a policy of peaceful penetration. This new colonial policy of the bourgeoisie of the strongest countries meets with essential obstacles; capital seeks and will always seek in the colonies for surplus profit, it will not invest in the colonies for the same rate of interest with which it is content at home. And in order to be able to obtain a surplus profit it will always endeavor to create suitable political conditions. The Soviet Republic alone remains a constant and sincere friend of the Eastern peoples. But the

absolute failure of the policy of the mailed fist in the East is compelling the great Powers to adopt a line of compromise. . . .

The appearance of the Soviet Union on the coast of the Pacific Ocean as a power friendly to China immediately raises the question of the world-importance of the Pacific Ocean. The political and economic interests of the world reach out more toward the Pacific. It is the ocean of the future. The prospects which the resumption of normal, that is to say, friendly relations between the Soviet Union and China open will only become gradually clear to us. Already today we can trace in general outline the enormous importance of this event.

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The foreign press has recently carried a report that a bad crop is expected in the USSR. . . . The following authoritative statement by the "Exportkhlief" (state grain-exporting organization) explains the actual state of affairs:

"The information which is being spread by the hostile foreign press does not correspond to the actual state of the crops on this date. There have been no cases of frozen seed. Some cases of too rapid growth due to rainy fall weather were reported in the northwest and in some localities in the northeast. In the first instance they are of no importance since they affected only an insignificant area in a non-producing but consuming region, while in the southeast the crops have become normal during the last ten days of May.

"The state of the crops in May, according to the five-mark system (with 3 as the normal average) as compared with 1923, is best shown in the following table:

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| Ukraine .....   | 3.3  | 2.9  |

"The area affected by locusts was 2,115,000 dessiatins in 1923 and 1,473,000 dessiatins in 1924. The area affected by field-mice was 8,700,000 dessiatins in 1923 and 7,673,000 dessiatins in 1924.

"Locusts infested only the Caspian region and Azerbaijan, which have little effect on the total harvest in the Union. Field-mice invaded the Volga region but the department for the protection of plants in the Commissariat of Agriculture, with the assistance of the local population, carried on an effective campaign for their extermination. Even if the whole crop in the region invaded by field-mice should be destroyed it would be foolish to describe the crop of the Union as a failure considering the total area under cultivation in 1923-1924.

"The crops might have been badly affected by the drought during the last ten days of May when the prospects decreased from 3.2 on May 15 to 2.9 on June 1. But the rain during early June improved the situation. . . . Thanks to the rainfall the crop conditions are normal in the Ukraine, the southeast, and in parts of the Volga region. Only in the province of Tsaritsin have the crops been lost.

"It is evident from these facts that there is no general crop failure in the USSR."

June 19, 1924

Articles on international aspects of the oil question will appear in early issues of The Nation, including: Russian Oil and American Oil Kings, by Louis Fischer; Oil and Revolution in Albania, by Emil Lengyel.

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| Ukraine .....   | 3.3  | 2.9  |

"The area affected by locusts was 2,115,000 dessiatins in 1923 and 1,473,000 dessiatins in 1924. The area affected by field-mice was 8,700,000 dessiatins in 1923 and 7,673,000 dessiatins in 1924.

"Locusts infested only the Caspian region and Azerbaijan, which have little effect on the total harvest in the Union. Field-mice invaded the Volga region but the department for the protection of plants in the Commissariat of Agriculture, with the assistance of the local population, carried on an effective campaign for their extermination. Even if the whole crop in the region invaded by field-mice should be destroyed it would be foolish to describe the crop of the Union as a failure considering the total area under cultivation in 1923-1924.

"The crops might have been badly affected by the drought during the last ten days of May when the prospects decreased from 3.2 on May 15 to 2.9 on June 1. But the rain during early June improved the situation. . . . Thanks to the rainfall the crop conditions are normal in the Ukraine, the southeast, and in parts of the Volga region. Only in the province of Tsaritsin have the crops been lost.

"It is evident from these facts that there is no general crop failure in the USSR."

June 19, 1924

Articles on international aspects of the oil question will appear in early issues of The Nation, including: *Russian Oil and American Oil Kings*, by Louis Fischer; *Oil and Revolution in Albania*, by Emil Lengyel.

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